

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 1.

Wednesday, March 6, 1918

No. 15

ATHLETIC NOTES. Bowling Team.

The camp team played its first game in the bowling tournament at the Recreation Alleys in Long Branch Feb. 14th and defeated the strong Eagles. Score—710 to 679. In the second game, Camp Vail was on top to the tune of 775 to 698, with the Y. M. H. A. on the short end. Glance at this score:

Camp Vail.	
Flood	166
Barnes	146
Schaeffer	143
Clothier	149
Jacobs	111
Total	710
Eagles.	
Petace	123
Berrun	122
Conover	133
Otter	153
Wooding	162

Total	679
Camp Vail.	
Barnes	171
Enoch	121
Clothier	137
Schaeffer	169
Flood	177
Total	775
Y. M. H. A.	
Bernstein	159
Goldstein	116
Fisher	152
Lehrman	134
Zuckerman	123

Total 698
But on Feb. 23th the camp team met reverses and lost two games, which pushed them from first into second place. The team practices every Tuesday and Thursday evening, and those who want a tryout meet at the Y. M. C. A. on the nights named.

Basketball—Camp Vail Wins.

The strong and well-put-together Camp Vail Five went down to West Long Branch and gave West Long Branch its first defeat of the season. The team work of the camp team was not up to par in the first half, and things looked shaky for awhile. When the whistle stopped the first 20 minutes of play, the score stood 10-6 favoring the camp team. But in the second half, West Long Branch five was no match for the camp team, which played real basketball. The passing, speedy shooting and all around playing so flashy that the final score stood 30-13, with West Long Branch the losers.

Another game is scheduled on the 14th of this month against the same team for they are out to regain the lost scalp; so a fast game is expected. The camp team practices every Tues-



What Are They Thinking About?

day and Thursday nights. Leaving the Y. M. C. A. at 7 p. m., so all candidates trying out for the team are requested to report on nights mentioned.

Wrestling and Boxing Tournament.

A boxing and wrestling tournament will be held at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday, March 7th, starting at 7.15 p. m., under the direction of Schmidt. The bouts will include lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight men. It will be an open affair and everyone is welcome to enter.

Indoor Meet Results.

The second indoor meet held Feb. 14 at the Y. M. C. A. was a big success even though the number taking part did not come up to expectations. The competition was keen and a fine spirit prevailed. Weberpals came out on top with a total score of 17 points (three firsts and one second); Wallace, 14 points; Wilson, 11 points; Tripp, 10 points; Davis, 7 points; Kelly, 5 points; Taylor, 3 points; Brett, 2 points; Kraibell, Van Schick, Blaine,

each 1 point. As soon as the weather permits, outdoor track and field meets will be held once a month, with the winners receiving handsome prizes. This summer will see the camp having four first class tennis courts and snappy tournaments.

Right here we are many times obliged to Mr. Lunger, a man who is deeply interested in athletics, and who so kindly gave the beautiful loving cups to the winners in each event in our last meet.

He has promised to do his best in the coming spring and summer sports and support you in every way possible. We also thank Rev. Conover for his personal interest in camp activities, and for the high score medal given in the last meet.

Baseball!!!!!!

Who said that word? The other day the old-time remark was heard in camp—"Let's see the old pill." Go easy, fellows, it won't be long before

there will be a first call for the camp team.

As soon as weather permits, a camp baseball league will be organized and each company is urged to organize a team and enter the league, and from these company teams a team will be selected to represent the camp in games against the strongest teams available in this section of the country, which are semi-pro teams, by the way. For further information see Schmidt of the Y. M. C. A.

Jiu-Jitsu Class.

On Friday, March 8th, a jiu-jitsu class will be organized and instructed by Schmidt at the Y. M. C. A. Class open to all and will start 7 p. m.

Jiu-jitsu is one of the oldest means of self-defense known to the world. We have records as far back as 290 years before Christ, telling us how the Orientals defeated invading armies and hordes by means of jiu-jitsu. Some will immediately say, "All true, but that happened over 2,000 years ago and would be of no use in modern warfare of big guns and high explosives." How about the time when you are either surprised or have no weapons of self-defense? Never thought of that. Or later, in civilian life, you might be left entirely on your merit in some tight place. In one or all cases jiu-jitsu will be your best friend. The word itself means bone-breaking, so you can see that it is not child's play.

Everybody is welcome to join the class. Starts this Friday night at 7 p. m.

Tells French Girls Beware of Y. M. C. A.

One of the evening Paris papers warns the young women of the capital against losing their hearts to the young Americans wearing the Y. M. C. A. mark on the sleeves of their army uniforms, says the New York Sun. "Parisiennes," it says, "have welcomed all uniforms—first the English, the Australian, the Canadian and now the American. Sometimes mistakes have been made owing to their ignorance of certain insignia."

"This is why smiles have been wasted on the young men of the Young Men's Christian Association. Know, young women, that these youths are members of an association of legendary morals and purity and to invite them to indulge in the most harmless flirtation is to lose your time."

Aw, go on! It ain't so.

Again we earnestly plead that everyone who submits matter—whether "Little Dots and Dashes," poetry or any other items for publication—sign name as an evidence of responsibility.



Nothing to Do But Wait

DOTS AND DASHES



Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the
Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail,
Little Silver, New Jersey.

Address all communications to Y. M.
C. A., as above.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1918

Entertainments at the Y. M. C. A.

There will be a full week of entertainments at the Y. M. C. A. during the present week. Monday night we had Mary Pickford in a very unusual picture, "Little American." Tuesday, stereopticon lecture by Mr. A. R. Allen, New York, on "Ireland, England, Belgium and France," four of the most talked-about countries of history. Mr. Allen has some exceptional things to say about them. Wednesday, the Mendelsohn Glee Club, of New York. Thirty-five men, mostly professional singers, in a Big Mastodon Minstrel Show—end men in black-face, with bones and jokes and songs and everything. Great show, boys. Thursday, Miss Gladys Fairbanks, actor lady, and several actors and actresses from New York. Also, on the same night, boxing and wrestling tournament. Friday night, Professor Jacobson's wrestling class meets, and Jiu-Jitsu class, directed by our athletic director, Smittie, will blossom forth. Saturday evening Amelia Bingham, famous emotional Broadway star, will return with a galaxy of talent to white away the hours, as she did before. We welcome her back.

We are getting to have what they call in theatrical circles "underlines." These have nothing to do with signal corps work, or radio, or flying; but they are interesting things to have on your books anyhow. Sometimes they appear on schedule. Well, our underlines are: May Irwin, perhaps at once America's best-known originator of "coon" songs. May is not quite so active as she was some time ago, but she still has pep galore and will furnish, we predict, more laughs than any artist we have ever had on our platform. That's her hobby, and she's a wonder at it. We have asked—do hope to have, on the 15th—Paul Petri, former European Grand Opera tenor. Mr. Petri was honored for several years with leading roles in the German court opera, and, being a good, loyal American citizen, when the Kaiser drew the sword on us, he told him to go climb a tree and came back to his home in America. Good for you, Mr. Petri, we're with you, and we will come out to hear you sing. E. B. Randolph, Olga Bergstrom, and Mr. Roberts, tenor, soprano and pianist, respectively, who made one of the biggest hits we have had, return on the 23d of March. Together with them, we have

the reappearance of Mrs. Atkins, the dramatic reader. Then there are coming: David Bispham, Madame Yvette Guilbert, Metropolitan star and probably the greatest pantomime comic artist in the world. We don't have the space to name the rest of them, Boston Grand Opera and Chicago Grand Opera artists, great comedians, musical artists—nothing is too high for us to reach after and nothing is too good for Camp Vail soldiers. We're doing our durndest to get 'em all to come. It surprises us how willing they are to come.

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Soldiers' Bible Class.

A Bible class, especially for soldiers of Camp Vail, is held every Sunday morning at 9:45 in the First Baptist Church, Maple avenue, Red Bank. They will be glad to see every soldier who can come enrolled in the class.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Recreation House, in Peters place, near Broad street, Red Bank, is a very cozy and comfortable place for men to go when in Red Bank. It is a large house, and has the same homelike accommodations that other hostess houses hereabouts have. If you are in Red Bank, hung up on a corner and don't know where to go, try the Recreation House.

The following religious services are held every Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. building: 9:00 a. m., Holy Communion of the Episcopal Church, in charge of Rev. Thomas A. Conover; 10:00, Catholic Mass, conducted by Rev. Father A. Lacasse. In the evening, at 8:30, the Y. M. C. A. hold an open service usually conducted by a minister of some nearby church, with special music, and a short sermon. To men who are used to church attendance, there will be found opportunity to keep up his regular habits. We urge every man to do this, for there is probably nothing which will show up a man's real character and strength so much as the things he does—or doesn't do—when he is away from home and restraint.

—o:o:o—

Harry Haines Coming.

Harry Haines, ex-burglar, expert second-story man, general crook, and one of the shrewdest men of his time, will speak to men at the Y. M. C. A. Monday night, March 11th. When he turned over a new leaf and became a new man, he was wanted in eleven States and thirty-two cities. Some man! Come out and listen to a man who can talk out of real life. It will beat Sherlock Holmes stories a mile.

—o:o:o—

Rumson Night Next

Thursday, this week, is Rumson night. To those who have been here long, this great, gala night needs no further mention. As Shins used to say, "Nuf Ced." To those who are newly come to camp, we may say that it means New York entertainers—professionals—good stuff, every time, and ice cream and cake. Hold them the house would be full the Thursday, so you gotta fill the benches, and get on the outside of the cake. You will, won't you?

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LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

Poor old D 55th. Some German spy must be on the trail of these unfortunate youths. Measles again. We are sorry for you. If we catch the man that starts these measles, we'll put a moth in his clothes or something.

We inherit the following from C Company: Over there in C Company we've always thought a lot of Henry T. Hokenson; but the other day when he was broke he offered to wash a certain sergeant's leggins for the munificent sum of one dime. After said bath, he hung them out to dry, and the wind blew them durn leggins away.

Another of those "guard jokes":

Sentry Hall: "Who's there?"

Rookie: "Aw, you wouldn't know me if I told you. I've only been here two days."

Honestly, we had to laugh when one of the fellows told us, in a perfectly unconcerned way, that his company, the 504th Aerials, had been practicing standing at parade rest for a week, and that Sunday their top sergeant was going to let them stand retreat. Some reward!

Father Lacasse, our amiable padre, and assistant janitor, was passing Steinbach's store, in Long Branch, the other day, when two window panes crashed on the walk at his feet. He asked the storekeeper what caused it. He was told that the janitor had used Sloan's Pain Relief instead of Bon Ami, through mistake. Gee! We are lucky. We never wash our windows at all.

Mess Officer Lt. Mahoney and his staff of able assistants are kept on the jump these days, finding fresh vegetables, fresh fruit and other tid bits for a hungry lot of training officers and staff officers—plus a trio of Y. M. C. A. men, who try—especially Smithe—to see who can eat the most. Lt. Mahoney will get his reward in heaven, if he misses it here.

In one of our shows the other night, some Radio Casual man remarked, somewhat dryly, casting a sidewise glance: "I hope this show is going to be exciting." His neighbor asked him why. "So the man sitting next to me will hold his breath." Scullion, or what? We are wondering where he eats.

Captain McKenzie says they are permitting the men to have a new kind of breakfast at the hospital, especially designed to meet the approval of Hoover. It consists of a roll in bed and a cup of coffee.

Dogs is dogs, as Ellis Parker Butler would probably say it, and we figure it in wholesale quantities in camp, will shortly, if they are not already, be eating their first mess in dog heaven as we go to press. They used to liven up our proceedings considerably frequently, by starting to fight or chase cats in the midst of a show. We will miss their presence on our wrestling mat; but we will rejoice with many others who found them a real nuisance that they are gone.

We would like to know who was walking post the night several harmless civilians were carefully picking their ways homeward from Red Bank

to Long Branch. They said they had been to a bowling (?) tournament and offered to make affidavit that the things they carried were bowling-balls, though the guard persisted in claiming they looked like bombs. It was very late, and the civilians were very anxious to get home, and one of them, it is reported, had a bun as well as a bowling ball, started into the camp. Immediately the guard corralled the whole troupe and they were escorted to the guard-house. Note to all civilians: Don't insist on anything.

On March 29th, Good Friday, Rev. Thomas Conover, Episcopal minister in the camp, will give an illustrated lecture at the Y. M. C. A. on The Passion. There are about forty slides, many of them colored. Come around and hear him and look at the beautiful pictures.

When do we have movies at the Y? Well, if the American Express Co. don't lay down on the job, we should have them every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. That is our aim and our schedule, and, barring accidents to the aforesaid Ex. Co., or our trusty motorcycle, we will have 'em on those evenings.

The 504th, "Construction Squadron" has arrived in camp. This outfit has the reputation of a very fine personnel of officers and men. From what we have seen of them, we are willing to accept this at face value. They are assisting in construction work and we note results already. Lt. L. H. Steel is squadron commander.

Ha! Discovered—'s more cartoonists. Rostow, of A 10th, is working on several cartoons for us which promise to be good, as well as a real heading for the paper. Watch for 'em. Also, we've been told that one "Brown," of the Depot Co. H, is also a cartoonist of some talent. Here's notice that we're going after him.

Robeson will continue on the job as usual in spite of quarantine, and has several good ones on tap.

That fellow Charboneau of this here camp, whom we think everybody knows, left a letter on our desk the other day with a two cent stamp on it and a penny wrapped up in a little note which read: "Please use this cent for a 1 cent stamp for this letter." Yes, we did, but we wonder if he could have thought that we might take a trip around the world or buy a bank or so with it.

We are delighted when people write to us like they would write to a regular newspaper. The other day we had a letter from way out in Arkansas addressed to "The Editor of Dots and Dashes," which asked us to look up the location of one certain brave lad who hadn't written her lately. We've did our duty.

Also, just like a regular newspaper, the Committee on Public Information at Washington sends us matter that is open for publication.

It affords us pleasure to announce that the Q. M. has decided to make real soldiers out of the Q. M. Detachment. They get up now with the rest of the fellows when the whistles blow and go through all kinds of Douglas Fairbanks stunts. Also they are learning how to salute and other military maneuvers.

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The Central Railroad trains that run through this section of the country do give some excellent service. The P. R. R. trains run always in a hurry and never wait for anybody at stations, but the C. R. R. trains always stop and wait a while at some stations to serve anyone who may be late is coming. They sometimes have been known to wait for hours. Another item: The Red Bank some trains stop twice. The train will run to the station, stop for a while, then back up. After another little wait to get up steam, it runs into the station again, and waits some more for any other late comers.

Another note tell us that "Phillie" Phillips, leading windjammer, went through a lot of trouble to have his suit altered and also got a short tail overcoat, but just about time he was ready to shine in his rebuilt outfit, with his shoes shined, the lady left the store for "Somewhere in New York" and he's a great world.

HOSTETTER SAYS

The sodas you drink at our fountain have no secrets or mystery to them. If it is a fruit flavor, it contains juices and granulated sugar, nothing else being required except the "know how." Vanilla is derived from select Mexican beans only, hence its delicate and delicious flavor.

While chocolate is the largest seller of all the flavors at any fountain, we made a reputation on ours. It is a frequent remark of patrons that our chocolate has such a delightful taste all its own. It contains chocolate powder, milk and sugar.

Moxie is served to you out of the original bottle. Likewise grape juice, while Coco Cola goes to the customer in exactly the same way it arrives from Atlanta. No thinning, weakening or adding to the syrup. Perhaps this is why we are the largest users of Coco Cola in this vicinity. Perhaps the care we exercise when carbonating the water has something to do with it, too.

POET'S RETREAT.



To That Mustache.

O, little mustache on that firm upper lip,
When I see you approaching my heart
Gives a flip!
There's no use denying the interest
You lend.
But boys, oh boys, you sure do offend!
Both eyebrows grow jealous and cannot see why
Such a bum bunch of stubble should
Sprout on the sly.
You seem like a wheat field the farmer
Has mown,
Quite prickly and, truly, of color
Unknown!
You've a blended appearance of brown,
Black and gold.
When a grin strikes your wearer, you
Seem to unfold.
You might make a tooth brush, if
Properly trained.
But, dollars to doughnuts, you'd shrink
If it rained.
You've kidded your owner. He thinks
You'll grow up,
So he's already purchased a 'big mus-
tache cup.
But you'll get it in Holland, where
Tulips all meet,
They'll see you first and beat a hasty
Retreat.
Alas, mustache, or Glory Be, or any-
thing you like;
You'd better hit a Damaskeen and take
An endless hike.
—Billie.

THE SIGNAL CORPS.

Straight as a winging bird through the
arching gate,
Lies the road to Camp Alfred Vail,
Removed from the sight of sand and
sea,
Yet oft feeling the Ocean's gale.
In the service all, yet a branch apart,
With forbears like Curtiss and
Morse,
The Signal Corps, with legend of fame,
Fights the foe with Nature's force.
Challenging, potent, the elements in
lash,
Call aeroplane and telegraph to set
the pace;
Marconi, champion of Science in
another forward step,
Lays the seeing ultimate tribute at
the shrine of Columbia's race.
And yet the work goes on, the daily
tedious rote,
Oft obscuring in the mind the larger
issue to be met,
Till at Europe's call the Signal Corps,
A shining glorious thing,
Stands forth, a living offering— to
France, and Lafayette!

• • • • •
• SEND DOTS AND DASHES •
• TO •
• THE FOLKS BACK HOME. •
• • • • •

THE KAISER'S DESPAIR

Realizing That the End is Near, He
Makes His Will.

(From our special correspondent in
Berlin.)

It is rumored that the Emperor now
realizes that his number is up, and is
accordingly making his Will, revoking
all Wills made before. The Will is to
read as follows:

This is the last Will and Testament
of me, Wilhelm, the Superswanker
and ruler of the sausage eaters, re-
cognizing that I am fairly up against
it, and expecting to meet with a vio-
lent death at any time at the hands of
brave Sammies, hereby make my last
Will and Testament:

I appoint the Emperor of Austria to
be my sole executor (by kind permis-
sion of the allies.)

1. I give and bequeath to France
the territories of Alsac and Lorraine
(as this is only a case of returning
stolen property I don't deserve any
credit for it, and am not likely to get
it, either.)

2. To Servia I give Austria.

3. To Russia I give Turkey (for the
Tsar's New Year dinner.)

4. To Belgium I should like to give
all the thick ears, black eyes and
broken noses that she presented me
with when I pointedly trespassed on
her territory.

5. To your UNCLE SAM I give all
my Dreadnaughts, Submarines, Tor-
pedo Boat Destroyers and fleet of
Flunkers, generally what's left of
them. He's bound to have them in the
end, so this is only anticipating events.

6. To John Bull I give what's left
of my army, as his General Haig
seems so handy at turning my men
into sausage meat.

7. To the College of Science and
Museum I leave my famous mus-
taches, souvenir of the greatest
swanker in this or any other age.

8. To Mrs. Pankhurst and the suf-
fragettes I leave my matted hair;
they'll find it useful, no doubt, when
they resume their militant tactics.

9. To Sir Ernest Shackleton I leave
the Pole. I've been up it for so long
that I regard it as my own property.
(Signed) H. I. M. WILHELM.

Would-be Lord of the Land, Sea and
Air.

Our old friend, Dr. Pierce, in charge
of the horses' health, has joined the
Appendix Club, among whom are such
well-known persons as Irvin S. Cobb.
Now whenever the question comes up
the doctor can stick out his chest and
start out: "Well, speaking of appen-
dix-tons," etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum.
The doctor is rejoicing in his con-
valescence and started out last night
to walk four miles. Some hard doc-
tor.

Mrs. Ernest Lemberg, who brought
her Red Cross work, with the assist-
ance of her many valuable aids, has
brought so much comfort to present
and former residents of Camp Vail,
has appeared in her new "Red Cross
Field Director" uniform, which is very
neat and attractive. It is of gray
cloth and cut along military lines.
Perhaps a formal salute is in order
when a soldier meets her.

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